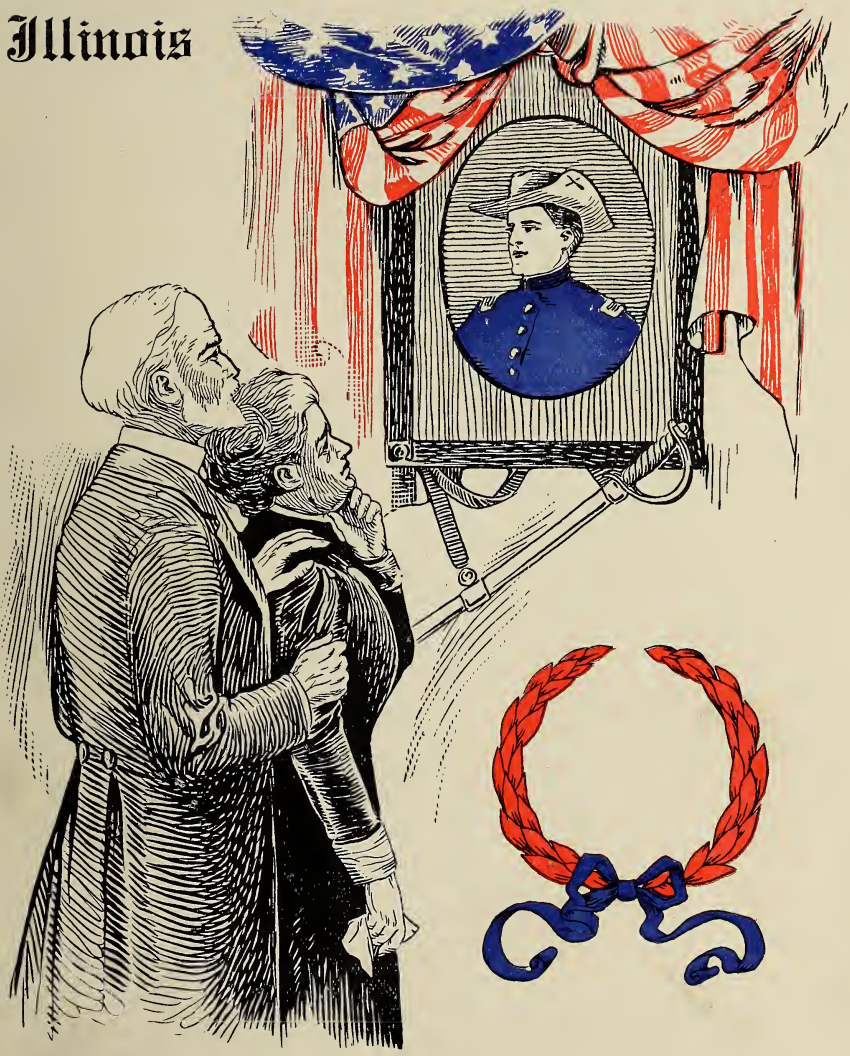
Illinois



Tears for the grief of a father,
For a mother's anguish, tears;
But for him that died for his country,
Glory and endless years.

—*W. D. Howells.*

Memorial Day, 1909.

MEMORIAL DAY

May Thirtieth,

1909.

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FOUNDER OF MEMORIAL DAY.

John A. Logan, more than any other, created the Grand Army of the Republic—that organization which makes us remember what we are prone to forget. Here his form will sleep forever, guarded by them and by those who follow them. I greet you, comrades, who now again attest your fealty to him and to the nation for whose honor you so often followed him to victory.

It was he who gave us the sweet observance of Memorial Day. Only a poet could have thought it; only a poet could have made it come true. It is, beyond all others, our dearest holiday; our festival of memory, love, and beauty. We shall keep it forever, with all the flowers that grow upon prairies and in gardens and on mountain sides. And there will be tears.

GEORGE R. PECK.

MEMORIAL DAY.

To Teachers and Pupils:

That smoke which hangs above the city and spreads over forest and plain is not the smoke of battle. It is the smoke of the great pipes of peace—the locomotive, the factory, the mill, the school, the church, and the home. That sound you hear is not the noise of war. It is the song of peace; the song of the engine and the loom, the hammer and chisel; the song of labor, the chorus of happy children and contented men and women. No boom of cannon or crash of musketry disturbs our days or fills our nights with terror. The hearts of mothers and wives and sweethearts are not torn daily by the solemn call of their loved ones to the front of battle. Our ears are not filled with the moans of dying soldiers and the grief of their widows and orphans.

Blessed are we that the sights and sounds which fill our days are those of peace. But, while we are congratulating ourselves upon the universal reign and love of peace which marks our time, it would be most ungrateful in us to forget the heroic labors and sacrifices of those who made it possible.

Our hatred of war and our love of peace does not mean that we must tear out of our histories the story of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, of Gettysburg and Appomattox. It would ill-become us to blot out of our memory and the memory of our children the deeds of those brave men who fought mightily in order that the causes of war might be removed from us forever. The story of these men and their deeds is one of our richest heritages. Therefore, let us record its truth in history. Let us cast it in bronze and carve it in stone. Let us catch up and preserve its spirit in song and poetry. But, best of all, let us impress its spirit and its meaning upon the minds and hearts of our children. Memorial Day is our best opportunity for reviving these memories and transmitting them from generation to generation. As the establishment of this national day was due to the suggestion of John A. Logan, the great volunteer soldier of Illinois, it has seemed fitting to pay special attention to his memory this year. We shall honor ourselves and our children in doing honor to him and his comrades.

Yours sincerely,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

ILLINOIS.

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory
Illinois, Illinois.
On the record of the years,
Abr'am Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois.

INTRODUCTION.

Lincoln, Grant and Logan.

The history of Illinois will ever be a well spring of joy to her people in this, that in the time of greatest need of our beloved country, she raised up and sent forth to succor and to save, three of her sons who seem to have been called of God for this very work. In one of her obscure cabins Abraham Lincoln, all unknown to the world and to himself, was being fitted for the supreme command in the great war for the life and liberty of the Nation. In a leather store in Galena, Ulysses S. Grant was being hidden awaiting the moment in time when he would be needed to lead the armies to victory in the great cause. In the pioneer court houses of Southern Illinois, pleading for justice for the common people, John A. Logan was being prepared for the crisis when he, more than all others, should arouse, enlist, and lead the volunteer soldiers of the North, who were to play such a large part in the struggle for national union.

It is well that the school children should study the lives of these great men. Such as these are the morning star of hope to the young who aspire to serve their country in any day and generation.

On the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, the children were given the opportunity to study the life of Abraham Lincoln. On Memorial Day this year they may learn of the heroic deeds of John A. Logan. On Memorial Day of 1910, they will be given the opportunity to study the life and services of Ulysses S. Grant.

LINCOLN STATUE, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

THE LOGAN STATUE ON THE LAKE FRONT IN CHICAGO.

ST. GAUDENS' LINCOLN AND LOGAN.

Chicago has been most fortunate in obtaining two of St. Gaudens' greatest works "to hold and possess, we and our heirs forever." To appreciate the greatness of his art we should contrast these two statues and realize what delineation of character is here. With what a masterly choice of pose and look has the artist epitomized the life of these two noble but dissimilar types! Psychologically, the Lincoln and the Logan statues present an analysis no less remarkable than is the technique which has given it visible expression.

In the presence of a great collection of art works, as in a library of thousands of volumes, one is sometimes thrilled by the thought of the amount of time an toil expended in their production. Here on the other hand while not unmindful of the years which these treasures of our young city have cost, we may exult as we contemplate in imagination the audience which our greatest sculptor addresses — the myriads of human beings who shall look upon these monuments, who may be inspired by them in other days! A mighty army, an ever-hastening stream, advances toward us through the dim perspective of centuries yet unborn. Toward us? No; we, too, move with it. Never a pause is vouchsafed us in the silent lock-step of the ages.

But these remain! They will stand when we and our children and our children's children are returned to the dust. Happy the man who has thus linked his name with immortality, who has created these forms so noble, so enduring, and so worthy of eternity. We salute them as we pass, and though they return not our greeting, they give us something better. A virtue goes out from them. He who looks upon them is, perforce, braver and truer and stronger. — Lorado Taft.

A MEMORIAL DAY PRAYER.

Almighty God, Maker of the heavens and the earth, King of kings, Lord of lords, Creator of all men, and Father of all spirits:

We worship Thee this day as the source of all our benefits and blessings. We thank Thee for our conscious lives, for our republic, for our homes—which are the foundations of the republic; for our churches and our schools, and for all the moral forces which have shaped the nation of which we are a part.

We thank Thee for the literature, the just laws, the sciences, the liberal benefactions, the mutual human trust, and the generous impulses which procure and preserve amity and peace among civilized peoples.

We thank Thee for the manliness, courage, devotion, and conscientious convictions which made possible our brave men and heoric women in the years when armies took the field against us, and dared to assail that for which our forefathers suffered and died.

We thank Thee for our noble mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, and for their undying patriotism and love manifested when they sadly but gladly permitted their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons to leave their dear ones to the care of God and risk their all upon the field of battle.

While we are assembled here today, may God make vivid, emphasize, and impress upon this great congregation a sense of the priceless value of all that for which women have suffered at home, and of that for which men were willing to yield all save their sacred honor.

Pardon all our sins; remit the guilt of that in our national laws or habits or indulgences for which we may have become responsible through our ignorance or by our indifference to the bounden duties of citzenship.

Revive within us a just appreciation of all that which by Thy blessing has preserved the nation until this day. Re-awaken us to the conditions upon which God will alone continue our national life. We pray Thee to increase the number of our honest, God-fearing office-bearers, and to graciously rebuke and remove from power all those who have abused their sacred trusts.

Grant Thy special blessings upon the family whose heroic husband and father is named by every voice in the nation today. May our grateful memories rival even this bronze in commemorating heroic and patriotic deeds. We pray Thee to stimulate our gratitude toward all those who fought for the republic, and to quicken the spirit of genuine patriotism in every American heart.

Impress each one of us with the sense of personal responsibility for our homes, for our nation, and for the continued existence of Christian civilization upon the earth.

Help us to serve Thee by serving our fellowmen, and in the end bring us to the better kingdom above—through Him who hath loved us and gave Himself for us. Amen.—[Delivered at the unveiling of the Logan Statue, by Rev. Arthur Edwards.

THE ATHENIAN BURIAL OF THE SOLDIER DEAD.

It was the custom of the Athenians to give public burial to those who fell in battle. Three days before the celebration they erect a tent in which the bones of the dead are laid out, and every one brings to his own dead any offering which he pleases. At the time of the funeral the bones are placed in chests of cypress wood, which are conveyed on hearses; there is one chest for each tribe. They also carry a single empty litter decked with a pall for all whose bodies are missing, and cannot be recovered after the battle. The procession is accompanied by any one who chooses, whether citizen or stranger, and the female relatives of the deceased are present at the place of interment and make lamentation. The public sepulchre is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls; there they always bury those who fall in war; only after the battle of Marathon the dead, in recognition of their preeminent valour, were interred on the field. When the remains have been laid in the earth, some man of known ability and high reputation, chosen by the city, delivers a suitable oration over them; after which the people depart.

Thucydides, Jowett's Translation.

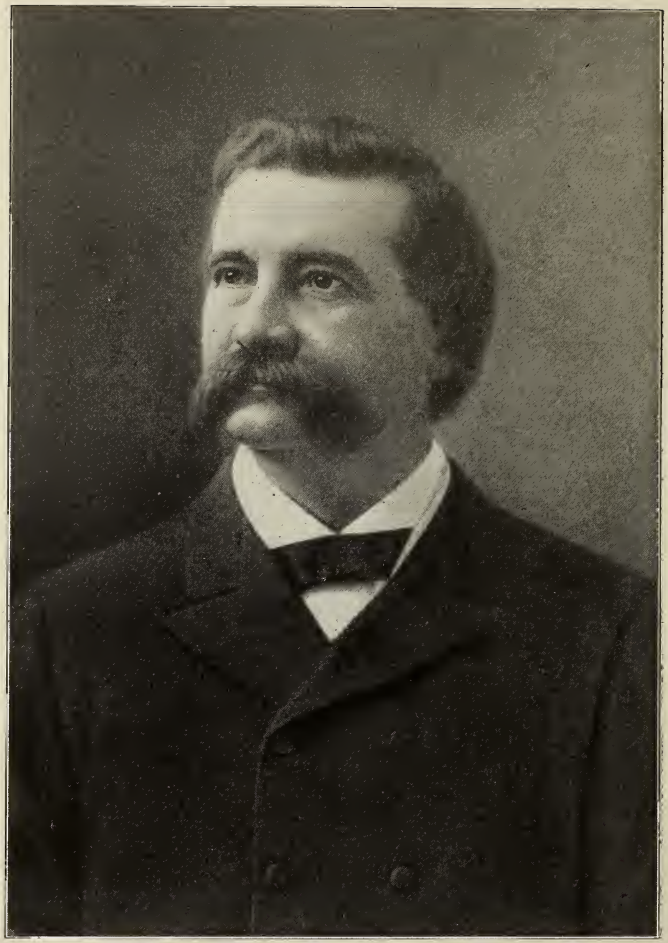
A MEMORIAL DAY ORATION.

[DELIVERED IN ATHENS 2,500 YEARS AGO.]

Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you forever about the advantages of a brave defence which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial to them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men.

—From the Funeral Oration of Pericles.

SKETCH OF JOHN A. LOGAN



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

JOHN A. LOGAN.

John A. Logan was born February 9, 1826, on a farm where the city of Murphysboro now stands. His father was a physician of very strong personality. His mother, too, was a woman of unusual strength of character. As a boy he was a leader among his fellows, especially noted for his courage and steadfastness. He received his education in the public school and at the hands of a private teacher. At sixteen he entered college where he remained three years.

In 1846 this country went to war with Mexico. Logan, though only twenty years of age, went out as lieutenant of his company. He remained in the service to the end of the war and was acting quartermaster of his regiment, showing that though young he was trusted with great responsibilities. Returning home he was elected county clerk, but resigned this position to enter a law school. Completing his course he began practice as the partner of his uncle, ex-Lieutenant Governor Jenkins. He was a successful lawyer from the beginning. In 1852 he was elected to the Legislature of his State, serving out his term of two years, at the close of which he was elected prosecuting attorney. In 1856 he was again elected to the Legislature and he became one of the leaders of the Democratic party in the House. In 1858, the year of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, he was a candidate for Congress and was elected by a large majority, his district comprising sixteen counties of southern Illinois.

Logan was a follower and a great admirer of Stephen A. Douglas. The next two years he spent at Washington, right in the midst of the political affairs which were then approaching the crisis of the Civil War. He was again elected, in 1860, the year that Abraham Lincoln was elected President and Douglas was defeated for the same office. He was a delegate to the Charleston Democratic convention, at which Douglas was defeated and a southern man nominated for President, who believed that the south might rightfully secede from the Union. He was also a delegate to the Baltimore Democratic convention, at which Douglas was nominated for the presidency. Thus Logan was at the center of the disturbance. It was clear that war was approaching.

Logan was in Congress in Washington when Lincoln was inaugurated and when the southern men were leaving because their states had joined the Confederacy. Douglas was leader of the Democrats. Much depended upon him. His course would determine the course of his followers at the north, who were not the political friends of Lincoln and the Republican party. When war was actually began by the firing on Fort Sumpter. Douglas promptly took his stand for the Union. He and Logan came home to Illinois and Douglas exerted his great power to influence his friends to stand by Lincoln and the government. But at the very beginning death took him. The Democrats now looked to Logan as their leader. It was indeed fortunate for the country that so strong and patriotic a man was ready to take the place of the great Douglas.

Logan Decides to Enter the Army

Like many others, I went to Washington, arriving there on the morning of Sunday, July 3. I took a room at Willard's hotel, and after breakfast went to the old National hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, between Willard's and the capitol. There I met several of the Democratic members of Congress from Illinois, and among them Mr. Logan. We had some brief conversation of special importance, and I returned to my hotel. About 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon I went again to the National and took a seat in the public room, waiting for a gentleman from New York City, whom I expected to meet there. I had not waited long when I saw Logan coming down the stairs. Having known him quite well for several years, I noticed at once that he was very much excited. He saw me and came directly to my seat, clutched me by the arm and said: "Blodgett, I was going to look for you. Come with me." We passed out of the hotel and across the avenue and along to the entrance to the Botanical garden. We went into the garden and into one of the unoccupied greenhouses, where we found seats. Up to this time neither of us had said a word as to the object of the interview, but as soon as we were alone, he said, earnestly and solemnly: "Blodgett, war—a long, bloody war—is inevitable;" and then he said that he had hoped up to the last hour that some plan of reconciliation which would avert a war and save the Union could be agreed upon, and that some Democratic members of Congress had sent Henry May, then a member of Congress from Maryland, to Richmond to obtain from the Confederate leaders the terms upon which they would agree that the revolted states should resume their places in the Union; that Mr. May had returned from Richmond that morning and had just made his report to the gentlemen interested in his mission. It was that the Confederate President had said to him: "Go back and tell your friends that if Lincoln had sent to us by your hand a blank sheet of paper, with his signature at the bottom, and a request that we write above it the terms and conditions on which we would return to the Union, all we would write over it would be 'unconditional separation.'"

"Now," said Logan, "that ends all hope of compromise and settlement, and the only alternative is to fight to the bitter end for the preservation of the Union, and I want you to go with me at once to the White House, where I intend to tender my services to Mr. Lincoln, to raise a regiment in my own Illinois district, and go into the field."

We walked directly up the avenue and passed into the garden in the rear of the White House. It being Sunday, we knew that visitors were not, as a rule, admitted, but hoped we might see some members of the family, or some of the clerks who knew us and could secure our admittance. Fortunately we saw Mr. Lincoln himself sitting in one of the windows, and as soon as he recognized us he called out to us to come in, and an attendant came out to show us the way. We were received very cordially, and Logan, without any preliminaries, said to the President that he had come to tender his services to do all in his power to save the Union; and that he wanted leave to raise a regiment in his own district and get into the fight as soon as possible.

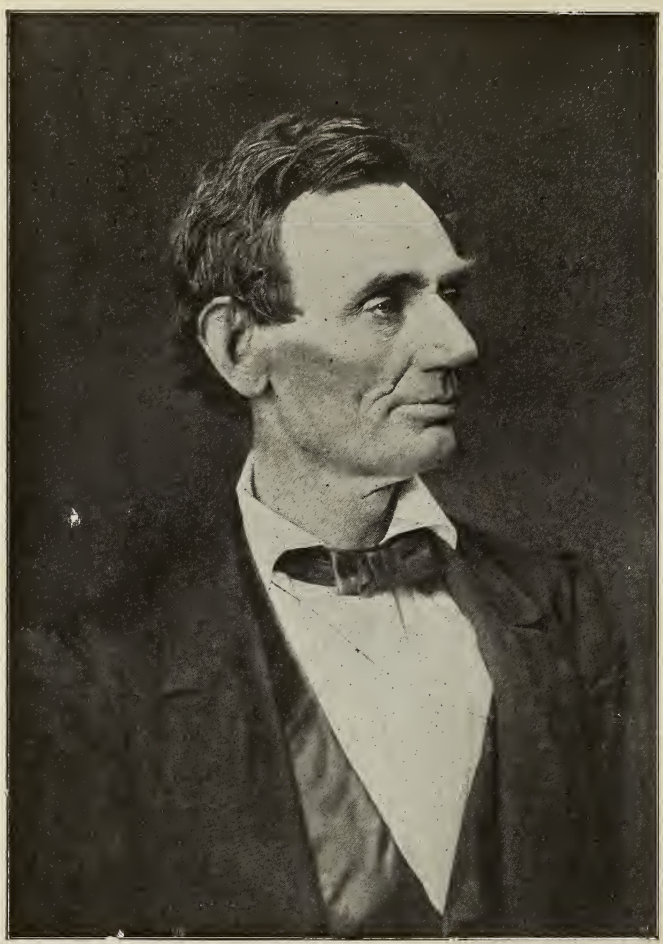
Mr. Lincoln cordially thanked him for his offer, but told him that he could do his country better service for the next few weeks by staying in his place in Congress and giving his support to such legislation as was needed to put the nation on a war footing, Mr. Lincoln adding that there were a great many northern Democrats in Congress who needed the support and example of an energetic leader and party associate like Logan. He, however, assured Logan that he should have authority to raise a regiment as soon as he could be spared from Congress.—H. W. Blodgett.

Logan Meets His People.

So inflamed indeed was the public mind, that deeds of open defiance to the Government were imminent. There are persons now living who witnessed and will never forget the wonderful magnetic influence of Mr. Logan over men as exhibited at that stormy time, when mounting a wagon in the public square at Marion, Williamson County,—which was now his place of residence,—he addressed a vast multitude of infuriated people, who strongly sympathizing with the south, were little less than a turbulent, howling mob. When Logan commenced to speak, it was with difficulty the mob-spirit could be restrained so that he could gain a hearing; but before he had finished the vivid picture he painted, in words of living light, of the inevitable consequences of treason and disunion to them, their children, and their country, they stood absolutely spellbound, and many were even ready to enlist in defence of that very flag which but a few moments before they would have stamped upon. And when he closed his glowing periods and told them he was going to enlist for the war (as a private, or in any capacity in which he could serve his country best in defending the old blood-stained flag over every foot of soil in the United States), they swarmed about him, and sent up such a shout as has rarely been heard. A friend and fellow-comrade of Logan's in the Mexican War, having in the meantime hurriedly hunted up an old fifer and drummer, was the first to shout, "Come on boys! Let's go with Logan. Where he leads, we can follow!" Suiting action to the words, the fife and drum struck up the familiar tune of Yankee Doodle, and before they had marched half-way around the square, one hundred gallant fellows were in line, "keeping step to the music of the Union," each pledged to serve his country for three years, unless sooner discharged by peace being declared.—From Life and Services of John A. Logan, by George Francis Dawson.

Logan Enters the Army.

In ten days Logan had raised a regiment of men, the Thirty-first Illinois, and so completely had he changed the sentiment in his district that General Grant afterward wrote: "That congressional district stands credited at the War Department today with furnishing more men for the army than it was called to supply." This record was not equalled anywhere else in the State and shows how thoroughly the people entered upon their patriotic duty, when they once saw what it was.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Col. Logan and his regiment become at once noted for energy and courage. He began his fighting at Belmont, Missouri, and was always in the front at Donnelson and Henry. In 1862 he was urged to re-enter Congress, but declined, saying that so long as he was needed in the field he would be found there. He soon reached the rank of Brigadier-General and took a most active part in the fighting at Corinth and about Vicksburg. In 1863 he was sent north, by request of President Lincoln, to address the people who had become dissatisfied with the length and severity of the conflict. Logan was one of the most forceful and eloquent orators of his day. Everywhere he went he aroused the greatest enthusiasm for the cause. The people took new courage and came up to the help of the administration at Washington.

Returning to his post in November, he was placed in command of the 15th Army Corps, He adopted as the badge of his corps an image of a cartridge-box with the inscription, "Forty Rounds." It was suggested by the reply one of his soldiers made to an eastern soldier who was decorated with a brilliant badge. On being asked what was the badge of the 15th Army Corps, he slapped his cartridge box and said, "Here it is, forty rounds," as much as to say, "bullets, not ribbons, are our badges."

Logan's most brilliant battles were about Atlanta, Georgia.

Logan in Battle, by "Mac."

On, on comes that fearless rider—none but a fearless rider would ride over that rough field at the speed he does, even though there were no shot and shell hailing around. On he comes, up hill and down, over fences, logs, bushes and ditches, keeping close to the line of battle; through plunging shot, bursting shell and zipping minnies; and, as he comes nearer we see that he carries his hat in hand and waves it encouragingly in answer to the cheers of the troops. Again the smoke of the conflict closes around him, but we know, by the shouts that follow him along the line, that he is still coming, and soon he bursts into view a short distance from us. We immediately recognize the daring rider, and shouts of "Logan! Logan! Hurrah for Black Jack Logan! Hurrah! Hurrah!" rend the sky, and almost drown the roar of battle. Mounted on a powerful charger, whose hide is the color of his rider's long raven hair and mustache; dressed in the full uniform of his rank; sitting in his saddle with the air of a man who feels very much at home in it, the indomitable leader dashes through the storm of iron and lead as coolly as though he were reviewing his troops on a gala day, and creates a furor of enthusiasm among the men that cannot be described, and is not easily imagined. He is on a tour of inspection along the line. He wants to see, with his own eyes, how goes the battle; whether his boys are holding their own; where the weak points of the line are, if any; and to encourage the troops to stand firm and repulse the foe. His boys have often seen exhibitions of his reckless bravery as a soldier and his fearless skill as a horseman, but, as he now sweeps grandly by, there is the wildest excitement imaginable. Men jump

out of the trenches, throw their hats in the air, and cheer vociferously, furiously; the wounded swing their hats and join in the chorus; the dying make desperate efforts to see their beloved commander and to give him their last cheer. The colors are dipped in salute, then wildly waved over the heads of the bearers; there is an answering wave from the General's hat; a clatter of hoofs as his noble horse, with distended nostrils and foaming flanks, thunders past; and "Black Jack," the pride of the 15th Corps, disappears over a hill to our left, leaving his daring ride a pleasant memory to the thousands who witnessed it, and leaving his men in the right kind of spirits to make a desperate fight. —From Life and Services of John A. Logan, by Dawson,

Logan's Loyalty Tested

At the battle of Atlanta, General McPherson, Logan's superior, was killed. Logan, being next in rank, was assigned to McPherson's command of the Army of the Tennessee. After a hard day's fighting, the hardest in the west, he was completely victorious. He managed his command in the most superior manner and was commended in the highest terms by all, including his superior, General Sherman. He had every right to expect that he would be promoted to permanently command this army. But after deliberation, Sherman placed General Howard in control and assigned Logan to his old command, the 15th Army Corps. Sherman's reasons for so doing was that Logan was a volunteer general and Howard was a West Point graduate. He feared Logan was not equal to so large a command. Logan had good reason to feel hurt and his friends would have justified his leaving the army because of his treatment. But Logan rose above selfish consideration, accepted the situation gracefully, took his old command and fought just as cheerfully and valiantly as before. The welfare of his country was more to him than the gratification of personal ambition. Good soldier that he was, he knew how to obey.

After the War

General Logan's strenuous services continued to the end of the war, all through the "March to the Sea," to Washington where his army was mustered out. He resigned from the army, came to Illinois and began to practice law. He was soon sent to Congress where he was one of the most useful members. He was next sent to the Senate and was easily the peer of the great men in that body. He could have had the nomination for President in 1880, but refused it, being true to General Grant, who went down in defeat. Logan remained true to his friends. The presidency was no temptation to him if it came through dishonor. In 1884 he was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with James G. Blaine. The ticket was defeated, but not on Logan's account. So popular was he that it seemed that in 1888 he would receive the nomination of his party without opposition. But his days were numbered. After a short illness death took him on the 26th of December, 1886. His death was lamented by all the people, by his political opponents as well as by his friends. He was the soldier's friend, the people's faithful servant, and an honest man.

TRIBUTES TO JOHN A. LOGAN

SENATOR CULLOM'S TRIBUTE.

With the flash of the first gun which thundered its doom upon Sumpter he was up and in arms. Consecrating all the energy of his ardent nature to the cause of the Union, he left his seat in Congress, saying he could best serve his country in the field. Falling into the ranks of the Union army he took his part as a civilian volunteer in the first battle of Bull Run. * * *

During the war General Logan rose by regular promotion through every grade from colonel to the highest rank, save that of lieutenant-general, that the nation could bestow in recognition of his bravery and great capacity as an officer. Is it enough to say of General Logan that he was the greatest volunteer general of the Union army? By no means. A quarter of a century and more has passed since that terrible struggle, and civil honors were won by him during that period as rapidly as military ones were won during the war. * * *

You will call to mind, Mr. President, General Logan's speeches on education, on the needs of the army, his defence of General Grant, and his arraignment of General Fitz John Porter. These constitute an important part of the records of senatorial debates, and should be classed among the ablest and most exhaustive speeches ever made in the Senate. As a political leader General Logan was conspicuously successful. He was naturally in the front rank, whether on the field of battle or in political contests. Living in an era when corruption was not uncommon, when strong men of both parties sometimes stood aghast and saw their reputations blasted by public exposure, he remained throughout his long public career above suspicion. Wealth could not tempt him to soil his spotless name. He never used the opportunities of his official position as a means of obtaining gold. He died as he had lived, a poor man. In the last national campaign, when he bore aloft so valiantly the colors of his party, there was no ghost of dishonor in his past to rise up and cry upon him shame. May his children "rejoice and be glad" in the example of a father of whom the whole nation could rise up and say, "There was an honest man." * * *

Mr. President, few men in American history have left so positive an impression on the public mind and so glorious a record to be known and read of all men as has General Logan. The pen of the historian cannot fail to write the name of Logan as one prominently identified with the great movements and measures which have saved the Union and made the nation free and great and glorious within the last thirty years. [Delivered at the memorial exercises in the Senate chamber of the United States.]

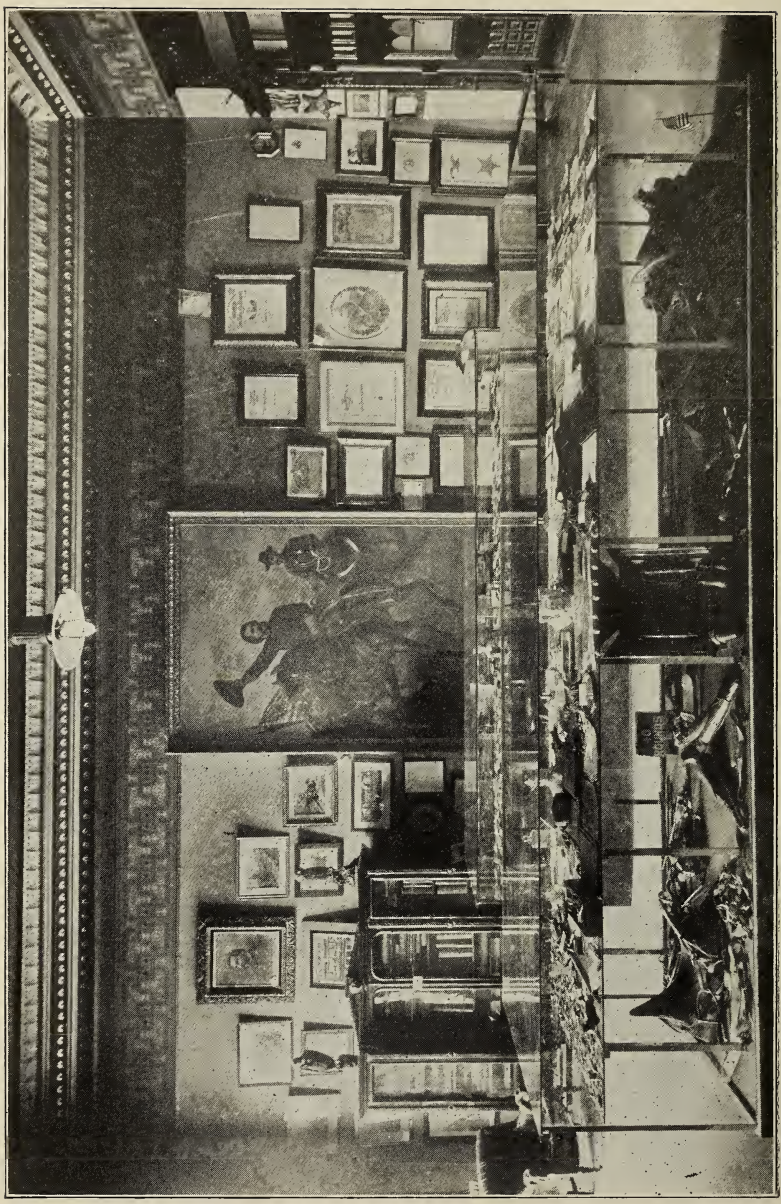
VIEW OF THE LOGAN ROOM.

MEMORIAL HALL.

In the Capitol at Springfield, Ill., there is a room where the flags of the Illinois regiments and trophies of war are kept. One room contains the Logan collection, presented to the State by Mrs. John A. Logan. Two views are herewith presented.

1. On each side of the eagle, in view No. 1, above Logan's picture, are the flags used at his headquarters.

2. The portrait to the right with square frame is that of John A. Logan, Jr., who was killed in battle in the Philippine war.



VIEW OF THE LOGAN ROOM.

In view No. 2 in the case at the front of the picture are seen:

1. To the left—Logan's saddle, used by him in the Atlanta campaign, the march to the sea, and through the Carolinas.
2. To the right—Gen. Wade Hampton's saddle, captured by Logan's staff in the Carolinas.
3. To the left of the center—Logan's pistol holsters, his belt, and a cartridge box, "Forty Rounds."
4. To the right of the center—Logan's pistols.

GEORGE R. PECK'S TRIBUTE.

Illinois is proud and happy. Waiting patiently for a fitting time, she opens all her welcoming gates and bids the world take note what breed of men she rears. Here is the product of her soil, and here she brings a mother's exultant heart to be enshrined. This great city, the lake with all its breadth of waters, the prairies stretching outward to the west, and the sky, mingling light and cloud in an ever-changing picture, are resplendent witnesses of the scene. The event, the hour, and the man are historic.

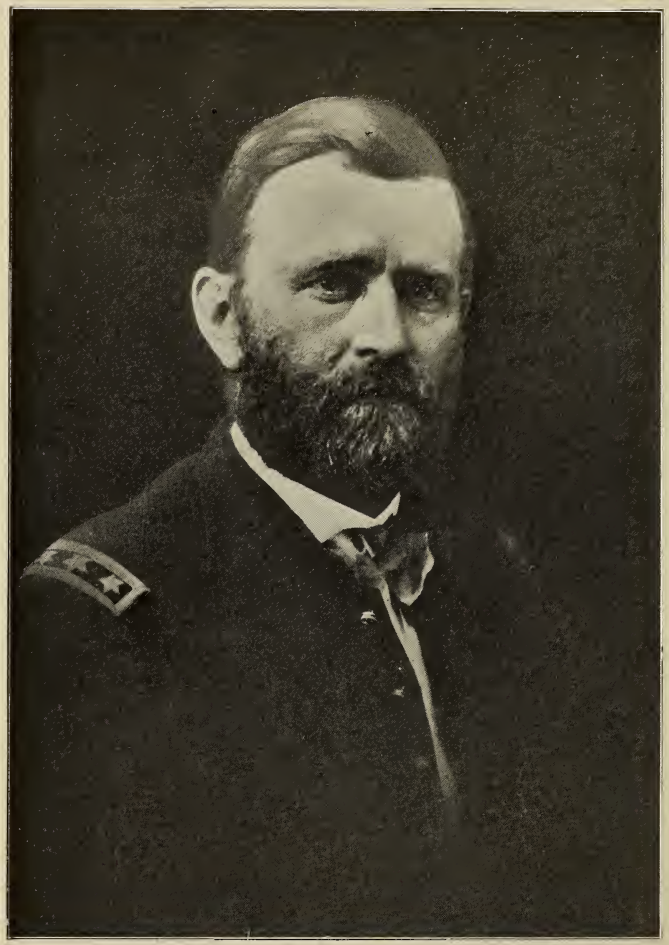
Once, upon a day like this, the pulse of summer was beating hot and fierce, when a great leader fell, as leaders must fall if it be so appointed. Some are here to whom it seems but yesterday. They remember the clustering pines, the thickets dark with the foilage of July, the spires of Atlanta wooing them forward yet a little farther; and they remember, too, as they will remember always, the message, speeding like an arrow in its flight, that told how McPherson lay dead in his harness, ere yet his fame had passed its dawn. Surely, I am not wrong in saying that never was this nation in more deadly peril than when the Army of the Tennessee was left like some great rudderless ship in the grasp of the storm.

"Of what avail are men," says Carlyle, "when we must needs have a man?" But the man came; nay, he was already there, flashing as was his wont, in that imperious way which scorns to parley with fate, but subdues it with a glance. On that day—July 22, 1864—John A. Logan was born to immortality. * * *

Illinois has kept her trust. This great commonwealth hails today the noble image she has carried in her heart so long. It is worthy of her, worthy of him who wrought it, and worthy of him whose features it embodies. He is not ours alone; but yet we claim him first. In coming years, the throngs that crowd the avenue will see a silent figure always on duty. They will know—and all the world will know—it is Logan."—[Delivered at the unveiling of the Logan Statue.]

GOVERNOR TANNER'S TRIBUTE.

"I will tell you briefly, fellow-citizens, what I think this occasion and this demonstration really means. It means that John A. Logan is, in the public mind, the very embodiment of the militant patriotism of the United States; that he is and will ever be to the people the greatest of the volunteers in the cause of nationality and liberty; the preeminent citizen-soldier—the representative, above all others, of the volunteers who fought and conquered in the ranks for the Union cause. Not trained and educated to fight battles, not a warrior by occupation, but rather by nature and surroundings, a man of gentleness and peace, he sprang with the quick instincts of a patriot to the defense of his country in a supreme crisis, and, seizing the trailing banner of the republic, bore it onward to victory and glory. Logan represents preeminently the military power which resides in the people. He represents that safeguard of popular government which was found during the rebellion, in the sturdy courage and patriotism of the citizen-soldiery of the United States. I do not say that Logan represents no other thing and no other idea, but I do say that he furnishes the most distinguished example of a citizen-soldier to be found in the history of the world."—[Delivered at the unveiling of the Logan Statue.]



GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

POETICAL SELECTIONS

SELECTIONS.

COMMEMORATION ODE OF 1865.

Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

"I knew that truth would crush the lie,—
  Somehow, sometime the end would be;
  Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

"But now I see it! In the sun
  A free flag floats from yonder dome,
  And at the nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

"Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
  The message of deliverance comes,
  But heralded by roll of drums
On waves of battle-troubled air!—

"Not as we hoped—but what are we?
  Above our broken dreams and plans
  God lays, with wiser hand than man's
The corner-stones of liberty."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

FROM "THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

O, Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace. and sweet content!
And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

—*Robert Burns.*

FROM LOCKSLEY HALL.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies or magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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Our Flag...

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel-hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.